Lauinia you are not displeasde with this.
Lauinia. Not I my Lord, sith true Nobilitie,
VVarrants these words in Princely curtesie.
Saturnine. Thanks sweete *Lauinia*, Romans let vs goe,
Raunsomles here we set our prisoners free,
Proclaime our Honours Lords with trumpe and Drum.
Bassianus. Lord *Titus* by your leaue, this maid is mine.
Titus. How sir, are you in earnest then my Lord?
Bascianus. I Noble *Titus* and resolude withall,
To doo my selfe this reason and this right.
Marcus. *Suum cuiqum* is our Romane iustice,
This Prince in iustice ceazeth but his owne.
Lucius. And that he will, and shall if *Lucius* liue.
Titus. traitors auaunt, where is the Emperours gard?
Treason my Lord, *Lauinia* is surprizde.
Saturnine. Surprizde, by whom?
Bascianus. By him that iustly may,
Beare his betrothde from all the world away.
Mutius. Brothers, help to conuay her hence away,
And with my sword Ile keepe this doore safe.
Titus. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her backe.
Mutius. My Lord you passe not here.
Titus. What villaine boy, barst me my way in Rome?
Mutius. Helpe *Lucius*, helpe.
Lucius. My Lord you are vniust, and more than so,
In wrongfull quarrell you haue slaine your sonne.
Titus. Nor thou, nor he, are any sonnes of mine,
My sonnes would neuer so dishonour me,
Traitor restore *Lauinia* to the Emperour.
Lucius, Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is a nothers lawfull promist loue.

Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two sonnes and Aron the moore.

Emperour. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needes her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke:

Ile

Ile trust by leysure, hi
Thee neuer, nor thy t
Confederates all thus
VVas none in Rome t
But *Saturnine?* Full w
Agree these deeds, wi
That saidst I begd the
Titus O monstrous,
Saturn. But goe thy
To him that florisht fo
A valiant sonne in law
One fit to bandie wit
To ruffle in the Comm
Titus. These words
Satur. And therfore
That like the stately
Dost ouershine the g
If thou be pleasde wi
Behold I choose thee
And will create thee
Speake Queene of Go
And here I sweare by
Sith Priest and holy wa
And tapers burne so b
In readines for *Hymen*
I will not resalute the
Or clime my Pallace,
I lead espowsde my
Tamora. And here i
If *Saturnine* aduaunce
Shee will a handmaide
A louing Nurse, a Mot
Sat. Ascend faire Q
Your Noble Emperou
Sent by the Heauens